

The Hollies, Down On The Run

(Hicks / Horton-Jennings)

It's late, and the week-end's near
You could say I can't wait
Till the gang gets here
Eight, and the Angels are roaring
Shining those dips
Straight line for the strip

If I back out
Fake a black out
At my night on the chicken run
Need some moonshine
Doctor goodtime
Keeping my nerves in line
Down on the run

Cy, the pack leader's wild
Even preaches to ride
In a Brando style
Fast, two shadows are closing
Passing like knives
Short cut on our lives

If I back out
Fake a black out
At my night on the chicken run
Needs some moonshine
Doctor goodtime
Keeping my nerves in line
Down on the run

When the boys are called together
To hand me out a feather, I'm through
Sweating in my leather so I guess its now or never
Something I've gotta do, just gotta do
What I gotta do

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